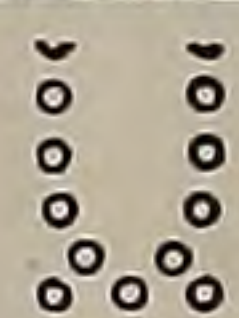




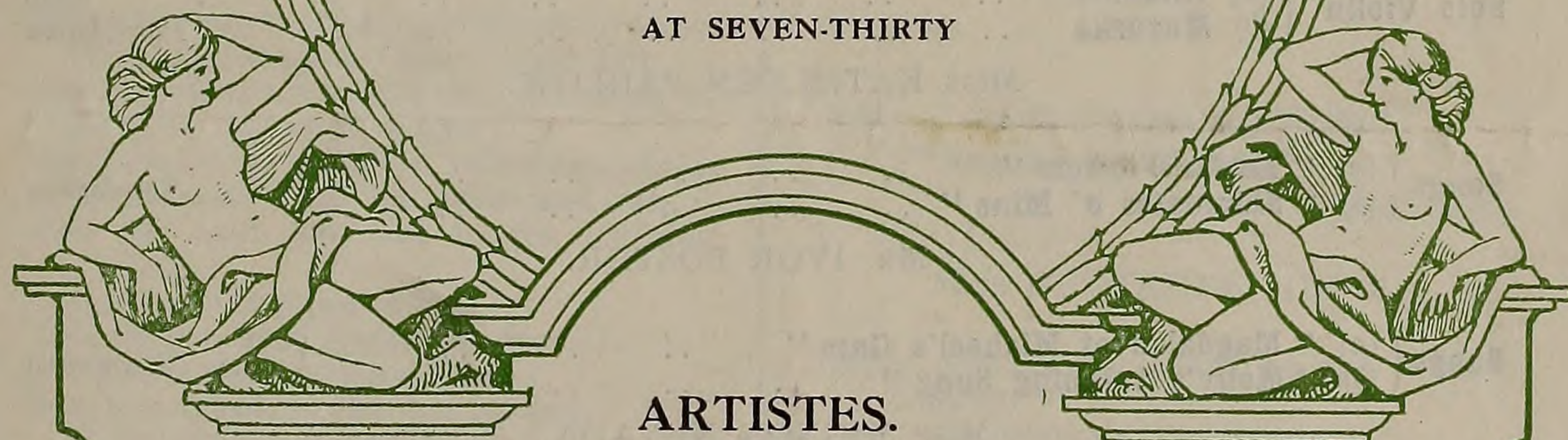
GLASGOW
ABSTAINERS' UNION



ST. ANDREW'S HALL

Saturday, 26th October, 1918

AT SEVEN-THIRTY



ARTISTES.

SIXTY-FIFTH
SEASON

FOURTH
CONCERT

Miss MIGNON NEVADA, - *Prima Donna*

Miss GERTRUDE HIGGS, - *Contralto*

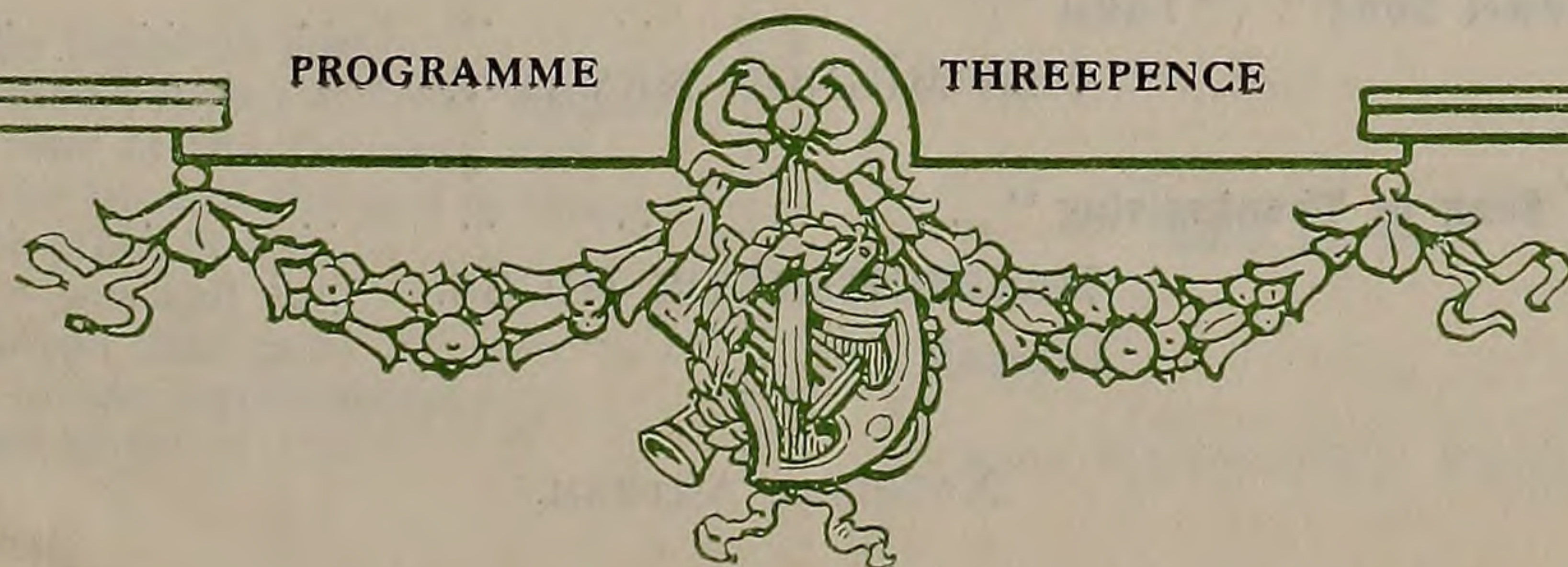
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW, - *Violinist*

Mr. IVOR FOSTER, - *Baritone*

Mr. CROSSLAND HIRST, - *Accompanist*

PROGRAMME

THREEPENCE



PROGRAMME

SATURDAY, 26th OCTOBER, 1918

This programme has been arranged for the Concert being over by 9-40 o'clock, and should indiscriminate encoring be indulged in, a proportionate part must necessarily be omitted.

Ladies are particularly requested to remove their hats during the Concert.

Song—"The Pipes of Pan" Elgar
Mr. IVOR FOSTER.

Polonaise from "Esmeralda" Goring Thomas
Miss MIGNON NEVADA.

Song—"Softly Awakes my Heart" ("Samson and Delilah") Saint-Saëns
Miss GERTRUDE HIGGS.

Solo Violin { (a) Andante Lalo
 (b) Mazurka Tor Aulin
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Songs { (a) "Easter Flowers" Sanderson
 (b) "Shipmates o' Mine"
Mr. IVOR FOSTER.

Songs { (a) "Magdalen at Michael's Gate" Lehmann
 (b) "Molly's Spinning Song"
Miss MIGNON NEVADA.

Interval—Five Minutes.

Song—"My Ships" Barratt
Miss GERTRUDE HIGGS.

Songs { (a) "At Dawning" Cadman
 (b) "Cornish Clay" Sanderson
Mr. IVOR FOSTER.

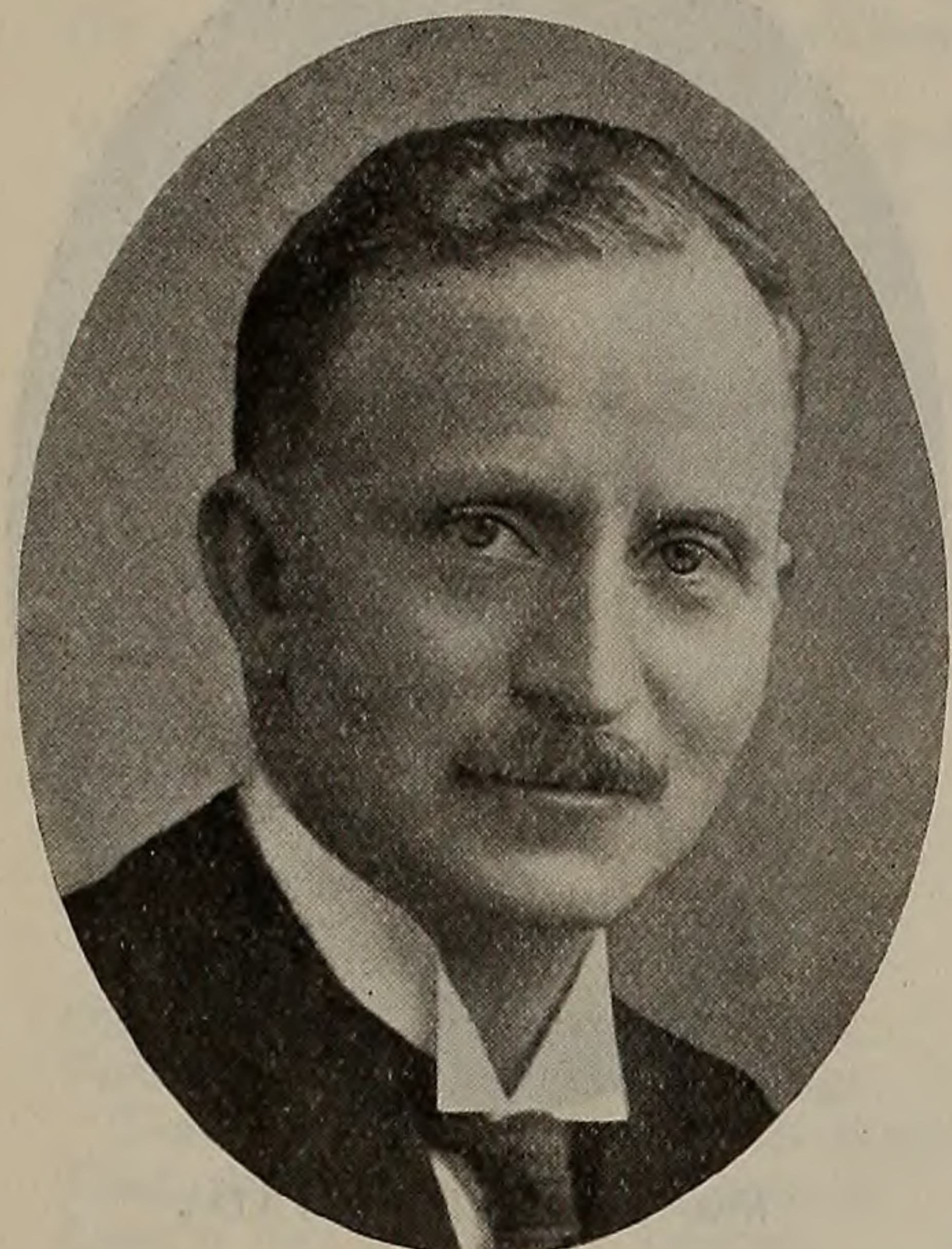
Solo Violin—{ (a) Indian Lament Dvorak
 (b) Moto Perpetuo Frank Bridge
 (c) Airs Russes Wieniawski
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Scena—"Jewel Song" ("Faust") Gounod
Miss MIGNON NEVADA.

Song—"A Song of Thanksgiving" Allitsen
Miss GERTRUDE HIGGS.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

PROGRAMME



Mr. IVOR FOSTER

Song—"The Pipes of Pan" *Elgar*

MR. IVOR FOSTER.

When the woods are gay in the time of June,
 With the chestnut flow'r, and fan,
 And the birds are still in the hush of noon,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !
 He plays on the reed that was once a maid,
 Who broke from his arms and ran,
 And her soul goes out to the list'ning
 glade,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !
 Though you hear, come not near,
 Fearing the wood-god's ban ;
 Soft and sweet, in the dim retreat,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !
 When the sun goes down, and the stars
 are out,
 He gathers his goat-foot clan ;
 And the Dryads dance with the Satyr rout,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !
 For he pipes the dance of the happy earth,
 Ere ever the gods began,
 When the woods were merry and mad
 with mirth,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !
 Come not nigh, pass them by,
 Woe to the eyes that scan ;
 Wild and loud to the leaping crowd,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !
 When the armies meet on the battle-field,
 And the fight is man to man,
 With the gride of sword and the clash of
 shield,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !
 Thro' the madden'd shriek of the flying rear,
 Thro' the roar of the charging van,
 There skirls the tune of the god of fear,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !
 Ours the fray—on and slay,
 Let him escape that can ;
 Ringing out in the battle-shout,
 Hark to the pipes of Pan !

Polonaise from "Esmeralda"

Goring Thomas

Miss MIGNON NEVADA.

I am Esmeralda, the gipsy maiden,
 Ready, aye, to dance and sing ;
 Hearts grow light,
 Howsoever laden ;
 So swift and light
 Like a swallow flight.
 'Tis I, the gipsy maiden, 'tis Esmeralda.

In street or in alley my song is heard,
 Piping a trill
 Like a happy bird.
 Ah ! I gaily dance !
 Fair ladies, noble sirs,
 I humbly greet ye.

I am Esmeralda and ready to greet ye.
 Child am I of light and air,
 With a laugh I come to greet ye,
 Laughing here and there. Ah ! Ah !
 Laughing everywhere.

Aria—"Softly Awakes my Heart"
("Samson and Delilah")*Saint-Saëns*

Miss GERTRUDE HIGGS.

Softly awakes my heart, as the flowers
 awaken
 To Aurora's tender zephyr.
 But say, O well-beloved, no more I'll be
 forsaken.
 Speak again ; oh, speak for ever !
 Oh, say that from Delilah you will never
 part !
 Your loving vows repeat—vows so dear
 to my heart !
 Ah ! once again do I implore thee,
 Ah ! once again say you adore me !

E'en as to whispering winds sways the
 waving grain,
 To and fro so gently moving,
 So sways my trembling heart, consoling
 all its pain,
 To thy voice, so dear, so loving.
 The arrow in its flight is not swifter than I,
 When leaving all behind to your arms I
 fly !

Solo Violin—

- (a) *Andante* *Lalo*
 (b) *Mazurka* *Tor Aulin*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Songs—

(a) "Easter Flowers" *Sanderson*

MR. IVOR FOSTER.

When you pluck the flowers at happy
Easter,
In the little garden where once we used
to be ;
When you pluck the flowers at happy
Easter,
Keep a little flower for me !
When you lay them low before God's
altar,
In the little chancel where once we
bent the knee ;
Oh, then upon your heart, your lonely,
loving heart,
Lay one little flower for me !

(b) "Shipmates o' Mine" *Sanderson*

Tell me, tell me, where are you sailing,
Shipmates o' mine ?
The morn is cold and His great winds are
wailing,

Shipmates o' mine !
"Forth we must go," their brave words
are falling,
"Forth to the new land that ever is
calling !"
Fortune attend you there ! good luck
go with you !
Shipmates o' mine !

Tell me, tell me, where are you roaming,
Shipmates o' mine ?

O'er blue seas or where the grey waves are
foaming,
Shipmates o' mine !

Never a message, oh ! tell us the story,
All Fate has given you, sorrow or glory ;
Send us one word, for our lone hearts are
waiting,
Shipmates o' mine !

Tell me, tell me, where are you sleeping,
Shipmates o' mine ?

Down, deep down, where no rough tide
is leaping,
Shipmates o' mine !

There in your slumber the great guns
you're hearing,

Over your heads the proud ships are
steering,

'Till the trumpet shall sound, and your
Captain shall wake you,
Shipmates o' mine !



Miss MIGNON NEVADA

Songs—

(a) "Magdalen at Michael's Gate" *Lehmann*

Miss MIGNON NEVADA.

Magdalen at Michael's gate
Tirled at the pin ;
On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
"Let her in ! Let her in !"

"Hast thou seen the wounds ?" said
Michael ;
"Knowest thou thy sin ?"
"It is evening," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in ! Let her in !"

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin."
"She knows it well," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in ! Let her in !"

"Thou bring'st no offerings," said Michael,
"Nought save sin."
"She is sorry," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in ! Ah ! let her in !"

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,
One came and open'd Michael's gate,
And Magdalen went in.

(b) "Molly's Spinning Song" *Lehmann*

Oh! my wheel go whirling, whirling,
Oh! my reel go twirling, twirling,
Twirling on without delay.
Why! the very notes come wheeling
Down to earth from heav'n's blue ceiling,
On and on without one stay.

If the sun and rain in order
Wrought not at my garden border,
Not a blossom should we see.
If the leafy worms were never
Ruffled by the busy zephyr,
Where should all my violets be?

You and we must all keep whirling,
In and out for ever twirling,
As the sun-motes frisk and fly,
Dancing light as any feather,
Up and down and all together,
With no stop, no standing by.

Our professor from the college,
Full of all the latest knowledge,
Told us—and 'twas not in fun—
That the earth with all upon it,
Like a bee about my bonnet,
Spins and spins around the sun!
(Here the thread gets entangled) Ah!
(She disentangles it and the spinning is resumed.)

So my wheel go whirling, whirling,
And my reel go twirling, twirling,
Twirling on without delay!
For no summer garland blowing,
And no winter dance worth knowing,
Ever suffer'd stop or stay!



Miss GERTRUDE HIGGS

Song—"My Ships" *Bavrat*

Miss GERTRUDE HIGGS.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well, the harbour would not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home from sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well, the storm-clouds then might frown,
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came back to me.
If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honours, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,
If that one ship came not to me.
O skies, be calm! O winds blow free!
Blow all my ships safe home to me;
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all that skim the sea,
But bring my love-ship home to me!

Songs—

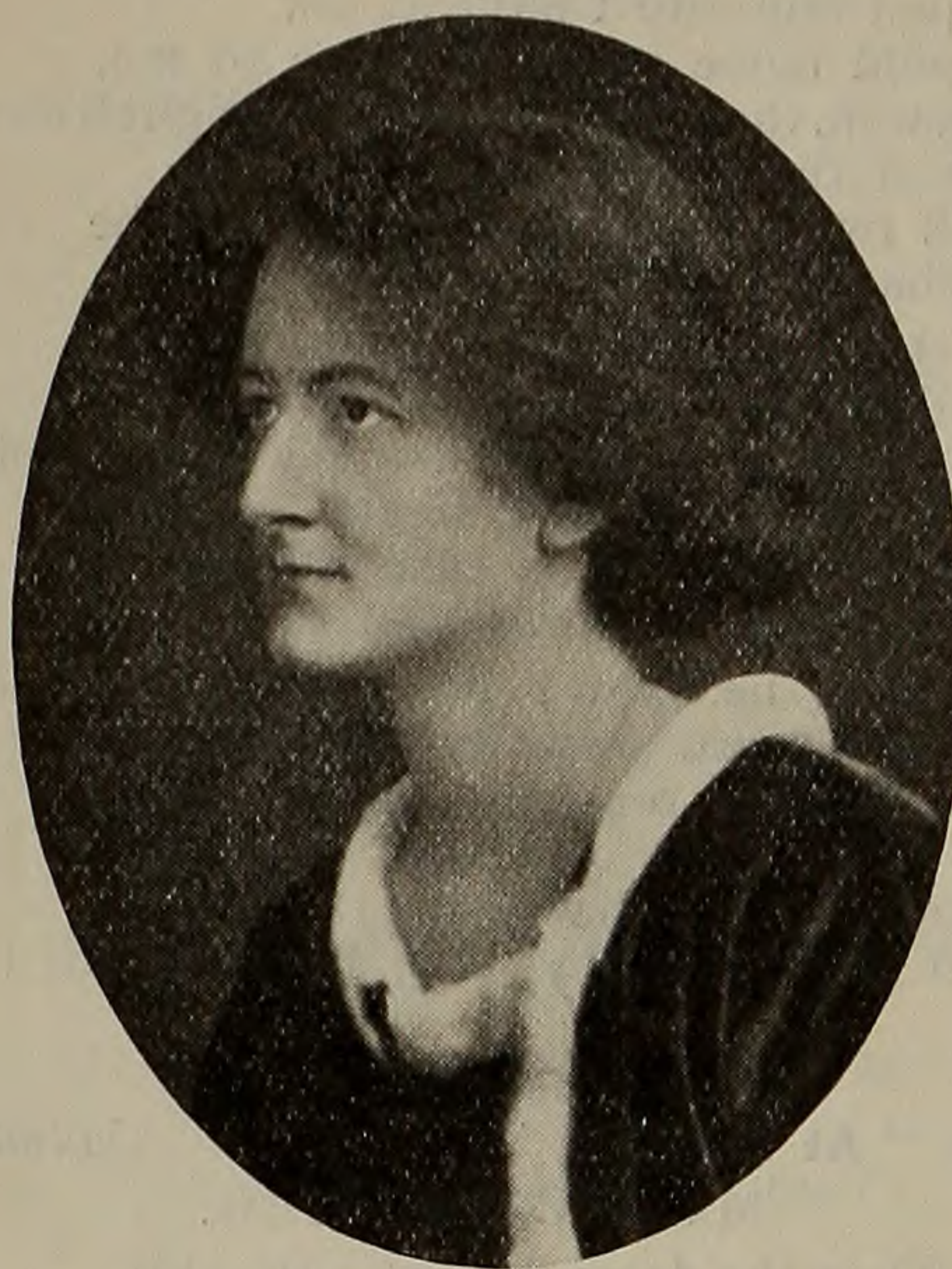
(a) "At Dawning" *Cadman*

MR. IVOR FOSTER.

When the dawn flames in the sky,
I love you;
When the birdlings wake and cry,
I love you;
When the swaying blades of corn
Whisper soft at breaking dawn,
Love to me anew is born—
I love you.
Dawn and dew proclaim my dream,
I love you;
Chant the birds one thrilling theme,
I love you;
All the sounds of morning meet,
Break in yearning at your feet,
Come and answer, come, my sweet:
I love you.

(b) "Cornish Clay" *Sanderson*

I reckon the war'll be over soon, for
another two hundred men
Be gone abroad to 'list in London Town;
They've bid "Good-bye" to the Menagew
Stone, an' Tre an' Pol an' Pen,
To change their milky white for khaki
brown.
At Carclaze Mine the streams 'll run, and
whiten St. Austell Bay,
At Charlestown Port the boats be left to lie,
For another two hundred Cornish men
have bid "Good-bye" to the clay,
An' I reckon that some'll know the
reason why!
I've heerd the General stepped along to
meet 'em by the train,
An' sez "I'm pleased to see you'm
lookin' well,"
An' wanted to have a bit of advice about
the old campaign,
So marched 'em to the Whitehall for
a spell.
So I reckon the war'll be over soon with
the men as Cornwall sends,
An' Cornwall's "One an' All" will
bless the day;
An' when the turble fightin' in a happy
peace time ends
You'll count there's somethin' good
in Cornish Clay.



Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Solo Violin—

- (a) *Indian Lament* *Dvorak*
 (b) *Moto Perpetuo* *Frank Bridge*
 (c) *Airs Russes* *Wieniawski*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Scena—

“Jewel Song” (“Faust”) *Gounod*
 Miss MIGNON NEVADA.

Recitative.

I would I could but know who was he that
 addressed me,
 If he is nobly born, and what can be his
 name.

KING OF THULE.

O'er the sea in Thule of old
 Reign'd a king who was true hearted,
 Who, in remembrance of one departed,
 Treasured up a goblet of gold!
 (He was so gracious in bearing, or so it
 seemed to me.)
 This wine cup so tenderly cherish'd
 Aye at his side the king did keep,
 And ev'ry time it touched his lips
 He wept and thought of his beloved.

Only one nobly born could have so proud
 an air,

So tender all the while.

No more! it is idle dreaming;

Dear Valentine! if Heaven hears me,

I'll see thee once again!

I am left here so lonely.

What sweet flowers! brought here, no
 doubt, by Siebel.

Poor faithful boy!

But what is there? And by whom can
 this casket have been left?

I dare not touch it! Yet who knows?

The key is there, I think!

What is within? My hand trembles!

And why?

I may open at least, since to look will
 harm no one!

JEWEL SONG.

O Heav'n! What brilliant gems!
 Is this a charming dream so dazzling
 bright?

Or am I waking?

Ne'er did mine eyes behold

Such wealth of treasures rare! . . .

No one near—if I dared but to try these
 beautiful earrings!

Ah! And here by a chance

At the bottom of the casket is a glass!

Who could now resist it longer?

Ah! I laugh to see myself fair in jewels
 rare.

Is it thou, Marguerita? Is it thou!

Come, reply! Answer quickly!

No, no, this is not I! No, no, this no
 more is mine image!

'Tis the daughter of a king!

This is not I!

But a king's daughter fair

In whose way all pay homage!

Ah! if he were but here!

And could my beauty see,

Now as a Royal Lady,

Surely he would adore me. Ah!

Here are more ready to adorn me!

I still long to try

The fair necklace, the bracelet bright

And string of pearls!

Heav'n! 'Tis as if a hand

Laid on mine arm did burn me!

Ah! I laugh,

Marguerita, this is not I!

This no more is mine image!

No! a king's daughter am I,

In whose way all pay homage!

Song—“A Song of Thanksgiving”

Allitsen

Miss GERTRUDE HIGGS.

My love is the flaming sword, to fight
 through the world:

Thy love is the shield to ward

And the armour of the Lord,

And the banner of Heav'n unfurl'd.

Let my voice ring out, and over the earth,

Through all the grief and strife,

With a golden joy in a silver mirth,

Thank God for Life!

Let my voice swell out through the great
 abyss,

To the azure dome above,

With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss,

Thank God for Love!

Let my voice thrill out, beneath and above,

The whole world through,

O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,

Thank God for you.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

GLASGOW ABSTAINERS' UNION

PROSPECTIVE CONCERTS

ANNUAL NEW-YEAR

SCOTS CONCERT

ST. ANDREW'S HALL

Saturday, 4th January, 1919, at 7-30 p.m.

ANNUAL

BURNS CONCERT

ST. ANDREW'S HALL

Saturday, 25th January, at 7-30 p.m.

PRICES OF ADMISSION

Balconies (numbered and reserved),	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3/-
Platform, Platform Balconies, and North Balcony (numbered and reserved),	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2/4
Area (unreserved), at Doors only,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1/3

(The Admission Prices include Entertainment Tax)

Doors open at 7

Concert at 7-30

Seats can be booked only at Office, 134 Wellington Street, Glasgow

'Phone, 99 Douglas

JAS. G. MACKERRACHER, Secy.

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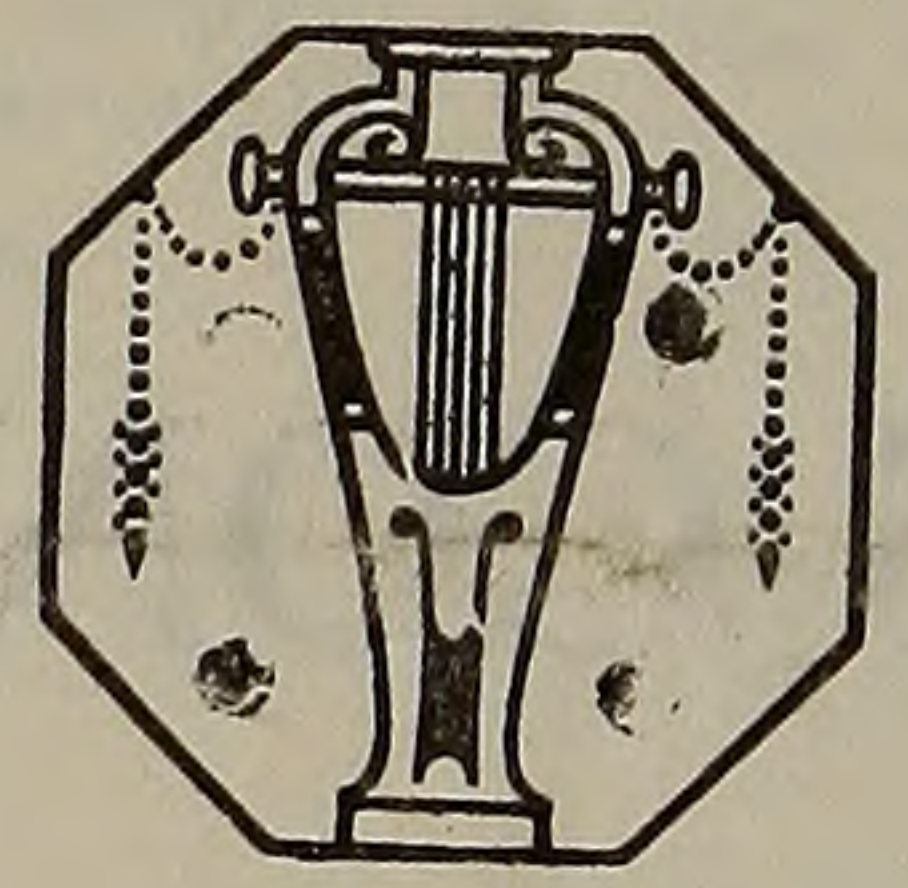
GLASGOW ABSTAINING UNION

PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS

ANNUAL NEW-YEAR
SCOTS CONCERT

ST. ANDREW'S HALL

Thursday, 4th January, 1912, at 7.30 p.m.



ST. ANDREW'S HALL

Thursday, 4th January, at 7.30 p.m.

JOHN HORN
LIMITED
GLASGOW